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LIFE

The Superstitious Ghost

I'M such a quiet little ghost,
Demure and inoffensive;
The other spirits say I'm most
Absurdly apprehensive.

Through all the merry hours of night
I'm uniformly cheerful;
I love the dark, but in the light,
I own, I'm rather fearful.

Each dawn I cower down in bed,
In every brightness seeing
That weird, uncanny form of dread—
An awful Human Being!

Of course I'm told they can't exist,
That Nature would not let them;
But Willy Spook, the Humanist,
Declares that he has met them!

He says they do not glide like us,
But walk in eerie paces;
They're solid, not diaphanous,
With arms! and legs!! and faces!!!

And some are beggars, some are kings,
Some have and some are wanting;
They squander time in doing things
Instead of simply haunting.

They talk of "art," the horrid crew,
And things they call "ambitions."—
Oh, yes, I know as well as you
They're only superstitions,

But should the dreadful day arrive
When, starting up, I see one,
I'm sure 'twill scare me quite alive;
And then—Oh, then I'll be one!

Arthur Guiterman.





"SEE HERE, LADY, YE DON'T SUPPOSE I'M A-GOIN' TO LET ALL THEM KIDS O' YOUR'N RIDE FREE, DO YE?"
 "WHY NOT? THEY'RE ALL UNDER FIVE YEARS OF AGE."

Exit Twilight Sleep

NEWS that the twilight sleep has been abandoned has been in the papers. All babies are now being born as usual. It is true that this has been feebly denied by a small band of adherents to the twilight sleep, but that does not really matter. There are, even now, some representatives of the Progressive Party who claim that it is still alive.

Twilight sleep had a brief and glorious career. In popular estimation it succeeded the outburst of enthusiasm about the Montessori System. It had enough advertising qualities to "get over" with the public, and served the medical profession very well as a pleasant relief from the almost daily announcements of new serums and cancer cures. It had, as the book reviewers say of the best sellers, "a wide appeal."

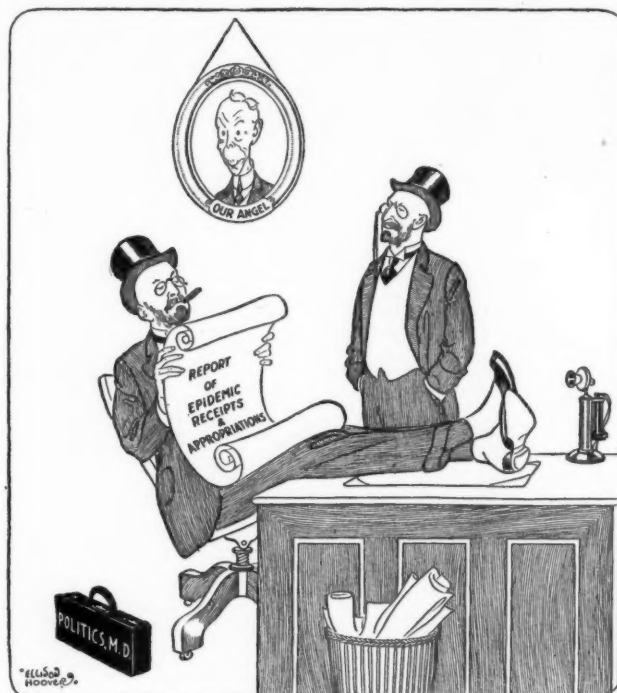
There were, however, a few people who were not fooled by its claims. These people knew that it is necessary for the American public to have either some new disease or some new cure to talk about periodically. And it is also necessary for the doctors who, debarred from the privilege of advertising themselves personally, are compelled to throw out waves of pathological excitement in order, as they say in industrial circles, "to stimulate trade."

No Less Hopeless

DIOGENES took down his long unused lantern from its rusted nail and struck a match.

"Are you going to repeat your historic search for an honest man?" one of his disciples queried.

"No," sighed the great cynic, "but I'm going on an errand no less hopeless; I'm going to search for a neutral."



"REALLY, DOCTOR, THE EPIDEMIC HAS BEEN ENOUGH OF A FINANCIAL SUCCESS TO WARRANT OUR MAKING IT AN ANNUAL AFFAIR."

Infant plague to rage again next year according to officials.
 —Newspaper headline.



"DO YOU FIND IT DIFFICULT TO GET CHARACTER IN YOUR PORTRAITS, MR. BRUSH?"
 "NOT AT ALL. THE DIMINISHING STROKES ARE WHAT DO IT."

Prayers for the President

THE Episcopal General Convention voted not to pray any longer for health, prosperity and long life for our Presidents and others in authority, but merely that they shall be given wisdom and strength, and for the safety and preservation of the nation.

It was done three weeks before election, which acquits the action of political bias.

There is a prayer for Congress, during session. The Convention, happily, left that untouched. We don't want anything to interfere with accessories of grace by Congress by any lawful means.

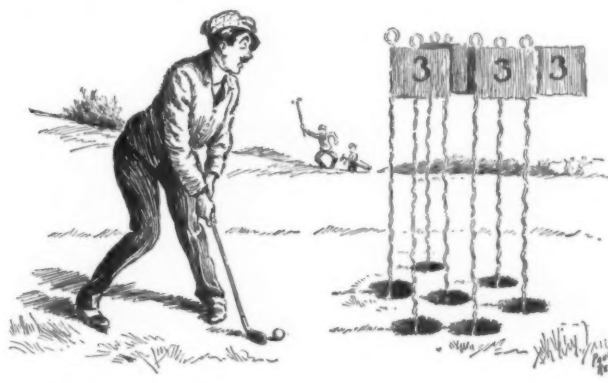
The eliminations seem to have been well advised. There is no use of praying for prosperity and long life for our Presidents, because Mr. Carnegie has insured their prosperity, and longevity only concerns them after they have quit office.

THE morning of January 1, 1924, had dawned as Pancho Villa, with the smile that no army can rub off, once more invested the city of Chihuahua.

The Last Thing

"PERKINS is down and out, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes—he told me the other day he was paying cash for everything."



Inebriated Golfer: COME, COME—COURAGE, MAN! YOU CAN'T MISS 'EM ALL!

Peace

THEY trimmed the roofs with pennants,
Great grandstands lined the way,
Joy reigned among all tenants,
And landlords blessed the day.
The toilers shouted gladness;
Gaunt Misery had fled.
All joined the happy madness
When Politics lay dead.

The marchers came by legion
From every spot on earth:
The city's shadowed region,
The home of flowers' birth.
From hilltop and from valley
Forth from their tasks they sped
To swell the gladsome rally
When Politics lay dead.

No longer debt encumbered
The toiler's humble home;
And Greed and Envy slumbered
Beneath the gilded dome.
The heart of every mother
No longer chilled with dread,
And brother sang to brother
When Politics lay dead.

The Term Infant

IS the term infant going to be given some new meaning? In the language of common speech it has been loosely applied to very young children;



A ROUGH FINISH



GREAT AMERICANS

MRS. I. KUTZ-LOOS, WHO DARED THE DUKE OF CRUMBLING TOWERS TO DRINK
CHAMPAGNE OUT OF HER SLIPPER

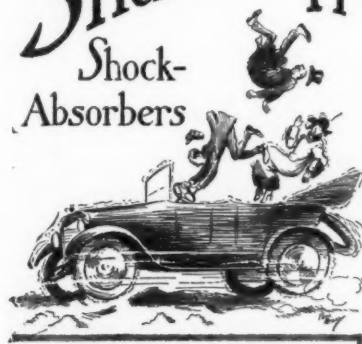
in law, to persons below a certain age—usually twenty-one. The people and the lawyers have been definite about the term, but the medical specialists bewilder us. Infantile paralysis has its victims one year old, two years old, twenty-four years old, and forty years old. Is there some new medical definition of the term infant, we want to inquire, or is it merely time for the

medical specialists to change the name of the disease and admit that this name was founded upon an incorrect hypothesis—upon an unfortunate guess? We assure the specialists that changing the name of the disease will not endanger the life of the epidemic. It will only stimulate interest, so that it can be done at the risk of no financial loss.

Advertisements You Have Never Seen

Shakemupp

Shock-Absorbers



KEEP YOU IN THE OPEN AIR.

The Second Look

THE War Department experts are going to take another look at the Lewis gun. The Lewis gun was invented by Col. Isaac N. Lewis, U. S. A., and offered by him to the United States War Department without charge. The War Department took a look at Col. Lewis's offering, gave it a trial before ordnance officers, accepted their verdict that it was not particularly good, and rejected the gift. Since that time the British army and the French army have secured the rights to the Lewis gun, and are now using it to perforate Germans with much gusto and enterprise. The British and the French regard it as one of the most effective and expeditious German-puncturers in their entire kit of tools. This being the case, the United States War Department experts are going to take their second look at the Lewis gun. This time the gun will present a number of fetching and attractive aspects which were entirely missed on the first look. It is going to be recommended for use in the United States army; but instead of being a gift it is going to be purchased from its present owners at a cost of a large number of dollars. An expert is a person who saves money for his employers by taking one look

at a problem and announcing the correct result in a loud, penetrating voice, while the other employees stand around helplessly and wonder what the expert is going to say. The War Department experts never make good on their first looks. They guess wrong; and then, after somebody else has given the correct answer, they guess again, whereupon the government begins to write cheques feverishly in order to remedy their first erroneous guess. Offhand, one would say that the United States army would save itself from a plentiful amount of embarrassment, expense and ridicule if it should sever connections with its present corps of experts and hire a few who have a bowing acquaintance with expertness.

Kenneth L. Roberts.



Polish Your
Sconce With
Delilah
HAIR
ENCOURAGER

Finds You Bald
Or Makes
You So.



Wreck Your Face
With
JAWGO.

A Gum For The More Advanced.

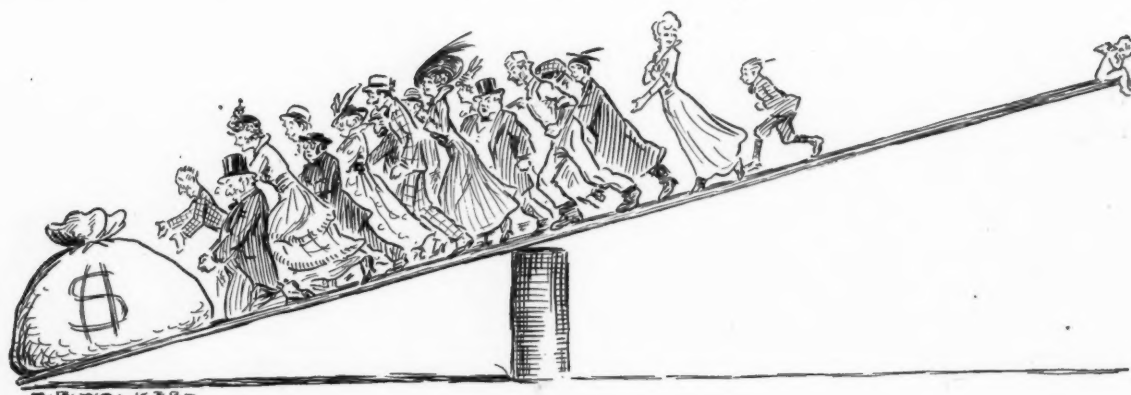
Osteopathy vs. Hay Fever

A year ago, if you had as much as mentioned ragweed to one of these thirty men and women you would have started a paroxysm of sneezing, while a bouquet of golden-rod to them was as a red rag to a bull.—*Philadelphia North American.*

YET these thirty men and women, some of them having suffered with hay fever for fifteen and twenty years, have all been cured by osteopathy. After having been under treatment and recovered, they were taken out in automobiles and subjected to every known test. "They plucked golden-rod, . . . passed meadows where the pollen-polluted winds swept the poison dust in their eyes, noses and mouths. Anybody who has had hay fever or who has seen persons tortured by it will better appreciate what the test meant."

These patients were all treated by Dr. John Bailey at the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy. This is the second year that Dr. Bailey has given his demonstration.

MRS. NEWLYWED: John, dear, is it you or I who takes cream in our coffee?



NOT ALWAYS

All Is Not Brass that Glitters

BLANDFORD, who moved into a new flat in November, 1915, was saying one day last month that, the night before, sixteen of his pictures fell down in the course of the night. They had been hung with new picture wire last year, and it was war-wire, and bad. Probably it had rusted.

Since copper has been thirty cents, people have had some odd experiences. Brass things like curtain rods didn't use to rust. Some of those bought within a year rust freely when conditions are favorable.

If you are of an inquisitive disposition, go out and get any small brass fixture at a hardware store, and break it, and observe how much brass there is in it. All is not brass that looks so in these days. Much of it is iron with a thin, brassy wash on it.

Germany is not the only country where "something just as good" has taken the place of something too dear to be used, only here we are only beginning to find out what has happened to us.

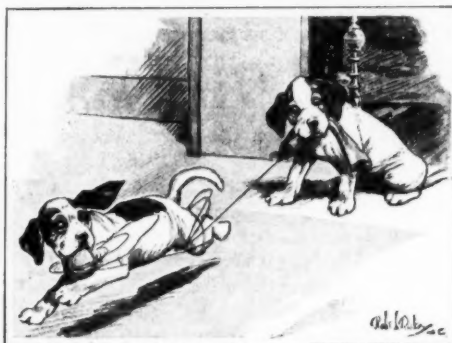
A Little Comfort about War Profits

THE nearest you get to the war in this country—unless you slip into the bankers at Broad and Wall—is to visit a Connecticut war-order city. The next nearest is to talk to travellers from such cities.

Not all the Connecticut war-

order money stays in Connecticut. War-order factory operatives get high wages, and some of them get a share of profit in the form of bonuses, but there are shareholders who will not take the war money for their own use. Nutbury people will tell you, for example, that the rich Miss Rockpasture, whose dividends have about trebled on war orders in local factories, has turned in every cent of the extra money—ten thousand a month or so—for war relief, and that the Stonycreeks, whose clock works, constantly enlarged, have been running chock full for two years on time fuses, have done very much the same. They had money enough before the war, but they have cared for the cause, and turned back their extra profits into it.

Such tales may console, a little, folks who are sad about our war gains.



JUST WHEN THE SOCK IS ALMOST COMPLETED

After the Shouting

THE obituary of the presidential campaign is now in order.

Just as hopeful people expect some day to be thankful they have survived the great war, so in a less degree we may all be thankful to have survived the campaign.

How tiresome it got to be!

And how nasty!

Starting quite soft and low, it continued academic and respectable for at least two months, so that people yawned in its face. But the last of it was shriekful and abusive beyond ordinary.

It was a queer campaign—queer in being so psychological. It was concerned chiefly to answer the question: What kind of a fellow is Woodrow Wilson? Not many Presidents have been thoroughly well known while in office, but it seems as if Mr. Wilson was the least known man who ever was President.

He was president of Princeton, where a number of gentlemen came to believe that he was thus and so, and a number of others whose chance to know was just as good, thought he was neither.

He was Governor of New Jersey, and made acquaintances, and even his political backers had all kinds of views about him.

Somewhat he is a man on whom folks divide.

Mr. Villard has said that as soon as he became President he disappeared from the sight of



NIGHTMARE OF A PACIFIST

men; that whereas as Governor he had been accessible and companionable, as President he became almost a recluse, seeing few people and not much of them. It is a fact that beyond precedent he succeeded in fencing off the most public of public offices with privacy, and that personally he is little better known than he was when elected.

He has made a good many speeches, and played golf in open fields, but few people have got at him, and his char-

acter and qualities are estimated by public acts, the merits of most of which are bitterly disputed. When his private life was slandered, as happened at one time, it was harder to disperse absurd calumnies because so few known people were near enough to him to be accepted as authorities qualified to do it.

Much more, therefore, than is usual in Presidents who have served a term, Mr. Wilson, the man, is still largely a

creature of the imagination, about whom men have such ideas as happen to have lodged in their heads, and are subject to change as their moods vary or a new information, or misinformation, is furnished them. So it has happened that the main effort of the Republican opposition in the campaign has been to represent him as all that is politically undesirable. Nobody has bothered to vilify Mr. Hughes, who has merely been punched up because of his unfortunate associations and his avoidance of opinions on ticklish subjects, but a fearful and wonderful Wilson figure has been offered to contemplation as the Democratic candidate.

And it has been quite honestly offered. The image of Wilson that Mr. Roosevelt has in the back of his head isn't fit to be President. But no doubt the Colonel believes it is the real Wilson. And so do tens of thousands of other voters. The discrepancy of estimate about this man among honorable and well-informed people has been amazing. Professor Mather of Princeton finds him slack and timid, a talker, not a doer; Dr. Taussig of Harvard sees in him "a commanding political leader."

It is over. Let us be glad of that. However it has gone, it leaves Mr. Wilson with a greater variety of reputations on his hands than any President has had since Andrew Jackson. But it has settled nothing about him but the nature of his employment for the next four years. E. S. M.



Lawyer (proposing): ANSWER YES OR NO



"MILEAGE GUARANTEED"

Americans at the Gate

"NEXT!" called Saint Peter.

The man who was sitting at the end of the bench rose and came forward. He was well, but quietly, dressed. In his right hand he had a sheaf of legal cap. Under his left arm he carried three calf-bound volumes of large size.

"Name, please."

"I am the American Lawyer."

"Can you show cause why you should enter?"

"I can. Article fifty-three, number 23,548, revised statutes of—"

"Just wait a minute, please," requested Saint Peter.

"We are not governed by legislators here. Put down your books."

"Well, then, I can prove by the unwritten law—"

"We are not interested in that, either."

"Well, I have spent my life in the interest of justice as between man and man."

"Now we're getting at it," said Saint Peter, leaning back comfortably in his throne. "In what proportion of the cases were you on the side of justice?"

"I don't remember."

"Do you mean to say that justice was your first consideration?"

"Well, if you put it in that way—"

"That's the way we always put it here. Do you mean to say, for instance, that you put justice before the interest of your clients?"

The American Lawyer drew himself up proudly. "You must know, your honor, or however you are called, that nothing can come between an honest lawyer and the interests of his clients."

"But you were an officer of the court, sworn to labor in the interest of justice."

"But what—"

"Exactly. What would become of your fat fees if you did not help clients to steal franchises and bribe legislators?"

"Yes, but in the Stringem case, the United States Supreme Court unanimously decided—"

"We are not interested in that. Every day we are compelled to reverse the Supreme Court. Now isn't it a fact that you did not consider justice at all?"

"I object to the question."

"Isn't it a fact that you depended for your opinions of right and wrong upon what you could find in a book?"

"I object."

"And isn't it a fact that, among the many thousands of laws, you could always find one or more to justify any skulduggery you cared to engage in?"

"Am I compelled to incriminate myself?"

"And isn't it a fact that you continually preyed on the ignorance of the people, making simple cases complicated by all sorts of technicalities and delays and professional ethics and legal verbiage?"

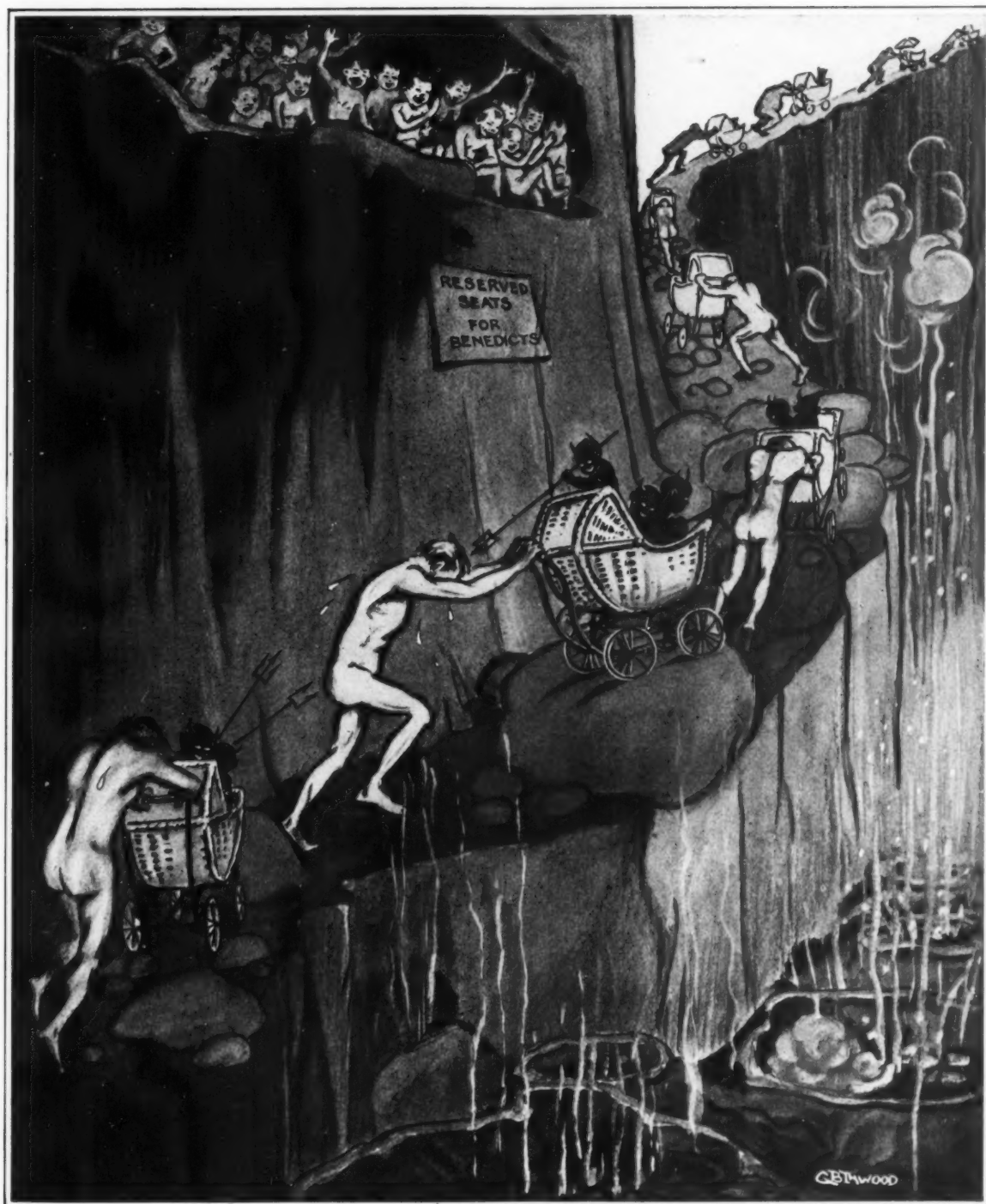
"But—"

"Clerk, take this man away. Appoint him to the Supreme Court in Hades, where he will be compelled to listen to the sophistries of the best lawyers in the business."

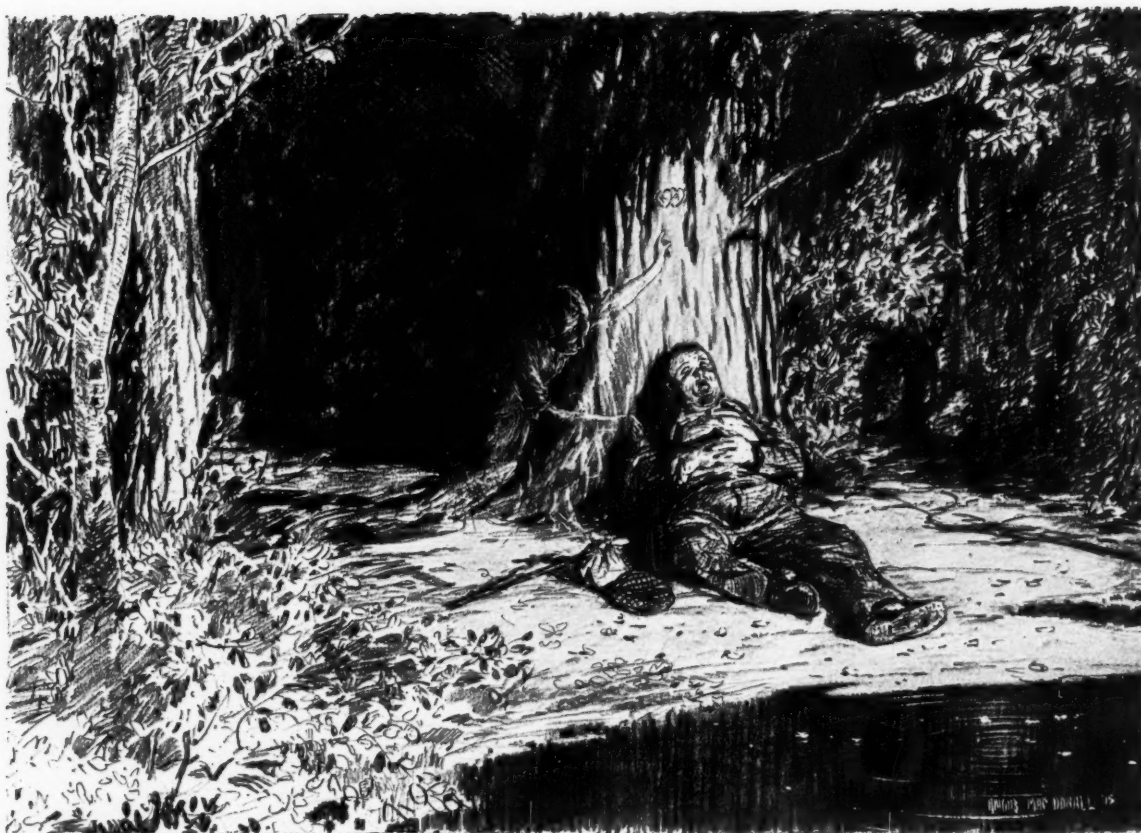


His Wife: CHARLES, DEAR, YOU ARE GROWING HANDSOMER EVERY DAY.

"I'M SORRY, ISOBEL, BUT I'M RATHER HARD UP AT PRESENT."



BACHELORS' JOB IN HADES



HE WENT TO THE CITY TO "MAKE GOOD" FOR HER

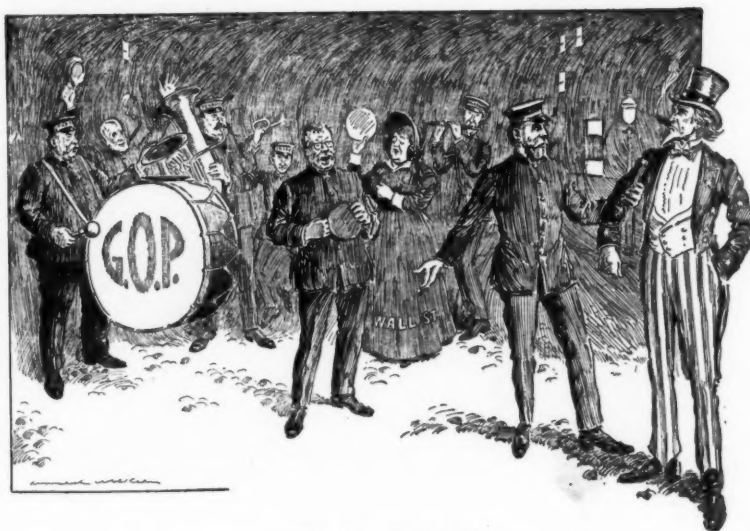
Germans and Beer

THE Germans want their beer, and ought to have it. As drinkers they are not troublesome. All the same, it may become an argument in favor of the proscription of beer that Germans would not come in dangerous numbers to a beerless country. There have been times since August, 1914, when we seemed to have more Germans than was consistent with safety.

The Real Culprit

JONES: And have they fixed the blame on any special person for that last railroad smash?

BROWN: Why, the railroad officials are trying to fix the blame on James Watt for first discovering the motive power of steam!



THE SALVATION ARMY

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

Why Should Not Japan Steal China?

To Editor "Life Weekly Rebuke" who prints plenty wisdom about modern history and other scandals,

DEAREST SIR:

My cousin Nogi approach to me this p. m. and say for slight peev of tone:

"Togo," he ingrouch, "I have decided to abandon my Japanese civilization."

"What nationality will you now become?" I ask to know despisely.

"I shall be Irish, maybe, or Swedish, if convenient," he holla with Em Goldman expression. "But no more Japness shall be attached to my character."

"Why is?" simply I require.

"Because of," he snib. "By stealing China Japan have put herself outside the pail."

"Quite contrary!" I snignify distinctually. "By removal of China to her own doorstep Japan have made herself very respectable member of International Bucket Shop. If Japan are full of soldiers and China are too tired for fight, why should not Japanese battleboats walk into Chinese sea-port and shoot it quiet without cause? None!"

"Such act might be committed by Christians," negotiate Nogi, "but when committed by heathens they make me blush yellow. This are not war. It are piracy."

"Tut-hush!" I rebuke. "Piracy are strong-arm word only used by English newspapers when speaking to German submarines. When sea-captains learned to blow up cities at distance of 26 miles and subtorpedomarine passenger boats while killing women and children by machinery, then Piracy went out of fashion. It are now called National Expansion and are regarded very sweet religion. Brass bands make music about it, clerical gentlemen preach about it, and respectable kings are so affectionate about it they stop drinking whiskey as example of morals to all

patriots who must save up their strength to be able to stab other patriots more skillfully. Nogi, Nogi! I siprised to hear you talk such conversation. If Hon. Kaiser give his family outing in Belgium and hand them firearms for enjoyment, why should not Hon. Mikado also decide that Japan must have a place in the



"I shall be Irish, maybe."

sunstroke? We must learn how make war from Germany same way we learned how make ottomobiles & alarm-clocks. That Dutchland country contain all sorts science."

"Germany have held torch of learning for several 100's of years," Nogi admire.

"She are now using that torch for burn down Europe," I report. "That Hon. Torch, after teaching chemestry to 66 nations, are now busy throwing poison gas all over Hague Convention rules."

"Chinese pirates knew how to throw stink-pot smoke at enemy in year 100 B. C." retork Nogi for slight oriental prides.

"Many bright things was known before Christian era which civilization are just learning to discover. If Japan will be quick and remember some cruelties she forgot several centuries past-gone, perhapsly she can get ahead of Europe pretty soonly. She now got nice chance practice on China."

"10 Commandment say 'Thou shalt not steal,'" negotiate Nogi with missionary expression.

"What are use of 10 Commandment when you got God in your family?" I assure. "Hon. Kaiser took Belgium merely because there was too many Hohenzollerns in Heaven to make his crimes seem sinful."

"Japan cannot afford to murder with so much piety," say Nogi. "She got seldom Christianity."

"Ah! That make her more plenty better. She can grabb up whatever neighborhood seems nice to her. When all-world see and yall, 'Oh, so dishonesty!' Hon. Japan merely make politeness and report, 'How should I know? I never was taught 10 Commandments.' This save considerable prayer, clergyman fees and other hypocrisy. When we see, we take. Very nice politics."

"I sorry to own such relative," dib Nogi for scorns. "Did not China give Japan slight Scrap of Paper saying love-words about peace?"

"China have gave Scrap of Paper to almost nearly every nation," I deplore. "She are quite generous with those writings resembling laundry bills. Trouble with China is she have always been run by Bryan policy."

"Have China got resemblance to America?" ask Nogi ghastly.

"Too considerable," I narrate. "Chinese Republican Party have always made speeches to show how China are Freest Nation on Earth. When Democrats come in they speak this twice harder. Chinese Navy are always run by editors, Chinese Army by lawyers. Consequence of, Chinese guns are shot by ink and Chinese battleships

floated in legal technichology. In time of peace many brave statesmen make Chinese language musical while telling people how China are prepared. This are true. She are prepared——"

"Prepared for what?" are smart question for Nogi.

"For defeat," I aswervate. "During many 1000's of annual years most brightest philosophers of China has been teaching how patriotism are sufficient protection for national honor. This sound plenty intelligent until foreign army walk in for show China how patriotism go further when shot from 75-foot cannons."

"Are America similar to that?" require Nogi for frights.

I make no intellectual reply for fear Hon. Sec. Daniels hear me and cause arrest.

"In time of war prepare for it," I say otherwise. "When everybody are sinful it are a sin not to be sinful first."

"I disgust!" This from Nogi. "All great nations of world are behaving with brutality peculiar to enraged cows. White men, belonging to high civilization, are worse than barbers when they go shooting. Are there not some small, dark Nation, unspoiled by too much culture, which Japan could copy for sweet example of humanity?"

"There are always Mexico," I renig while leaving my cousin Nogi in candition of great lameness.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.



"Respectable kings stop drinking whiskey"

The Victorious King's Thanksgiving

I THANK thee, Lord, that it still remains for thine anointed to purchase glory at the cost of blood and tears and treasures not their own. Only that thou hast graciously permitted the people, in spite of all their hard lessons, to be about as foolish as they ever were, what would have become of me and mine?

And particularly I thank thee, Lord, for the sentiment whereby men say in their hearts: "My country! May she be always right, but, right or wrong, my country!" For so they become as potter's clay in my hands.

And the childish notion that peace is somehow safeguarded by giving kings and chancelleries armies and navies to play with! How shall I thank thee enough for it?

And honor—the most sincerely worshipped of all men's idols, and the hollowest!

And, above all, the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy! How hardly should we manage, Lord, if hypocrisy were to go out of fashion and no king durst say he loved peace unless he did so!

Te Deum laudamus!

R. B.

Etiquette for Submarines

GENTLEMEN versed in the etiquette of war say the German submarines may cut the Atlantic cables without impropriety, but must not sow mines in the steamship lanes.

In war, however, you can do anything until you are caught at it, and then you can keep on doing it if you are strong enough.

A Contest in Criticism—\$500 Reward

TO the best criticism of LIFE, comprised in a letter or article not exceeding two hundred and fifty words in length, and complying with the conditions of the contest, we will award a prize of five hundred dollars.

The award will be made on the merit and entertaining quality of the criticisms, whether favorable or otherwise. We shall print a number of the best of them if they seem worthy of that distinction, regardless of their severity.

Here are the conditions. Please, *please* read them carefully and comply with them exactly, so that we won't have to throw your contribution out as being ineligible.

CONDITIONS

All contributions must be addressed to The Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The criticism must be clearly written or, better yet, typewritten on one side of the paper. The writer's name and address should appear in one of the upper corners.

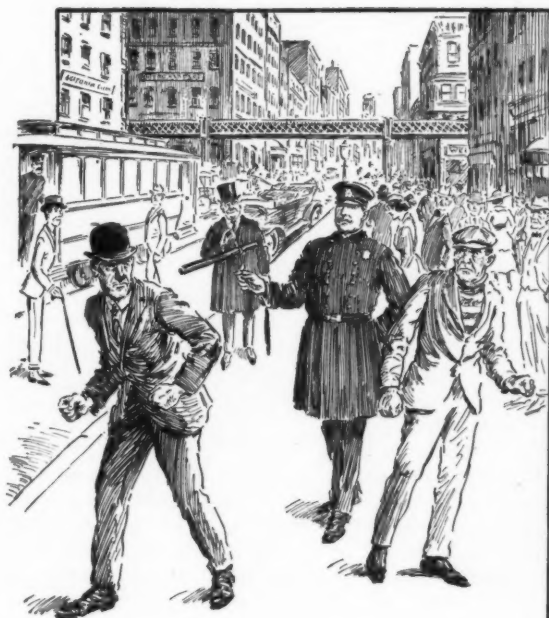
Envelopes should contain absolutely nothing but the criticism and sender's name and address. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate enclosure.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to enter the competition. It is open to the world, but no competitor may send in more than one criticism.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies of manuscripts submitted, as no contributions will be returned.

The Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges of the comparative merit of the contributions, and in all matters their decision will be final. Just the same, you needn't be afraid of hurting their feelings.

All contesting criticisms must positively be in LIFE Office not later than noon, December 26, and the award will be announced in the issue of January 18. In other contests competitors have been barred out because they figured the time limit too closely and did not allow for delays in the mail. Send your contribution early so as to avoid this chance.



KEEPING THE PEACE
IF ON THE STREET, WHY NOT IN THE HOME?



NOVEMBER 9, 1916

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AS one reads the last outcries of the campaign the impression strengthens that this issue of LIFE will find a large proportion of the voters trying to forgive themselves for voting as they did. There were very persuasive reasons against voting for either candidate, and most of them were presented. Most people voted as usual according to their hereditary political bias without much regard to these objections, but a great many voters did regard them and were swayed first this way and then that as one or another phase of the situation came uppermost in their minds.

There probably never was a presidential election in this country in which so many voters voted for a man they didn't want. Thousands of votes were cast for Wilson not from any pleasure in Wilson but because the alternative was to vote for Hughes. Thousands of votes were cast for Hughes not from pleasure in him nor from any desire to bring back the old Republican party into office, but because there was no other way to beat Wilson.

So, however the election has gone, the country is not going to break out into any violent blaze of joy. The proper candidate this year would have been the Archangel Michael. People, uncertain themselves about the rights and wrongs of an unprecedented situation, wanted a leader who they were sure was right, and who had the powers and the courage to make us all do what ought to be done. St. Michael not being available, we have had to make a choice of merely human and

erring intelligences. But it has been a trial, and the path ahead looks so crooked and so stony that there will be many hesitations either to congratulate ourselves on the result of our efforts, or to congratulate the winner on having won.



BUT at least all the flubdub and uproar and charge-and-counter-charge of the campaign are over, and that is basis for a little solid joy. Whoever is elected, we can now get back to the business of living, and if Mr. Wilson has won we can adjust our minds at once to a prospect that will cover four years. If Mr. Wilson has won we know more or less what to figure on. If Mr. Hughes has got it we must flounder governmentally for three months, and that will be trying.

But whoever is in we have got to take what comes, and most of the time have got to back the government. That being so we would do well, perhaps, to think more of ourselves as the nation and not so much of our government. After all, the mass of us and not the President is the main thing. It makes a difference what our government does, but it does not make all the difference. Other governments deal with our government, but they keep one eye on us. We are power, money, industry; we are public opinion, and in the long run we must be reckoned with. We have just delegated the most con-

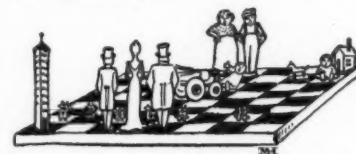
spicuous of our governmental powers for another four years, but we have not delegated all our powers. We shall still help to run the country, and though we shall seem to be pretty helpless, and will get mighty little credit for assistance, we shall help and we shall count.

What brought Mr. Wilson's stumbling and inexperienced steps along through the last two years without disaster?

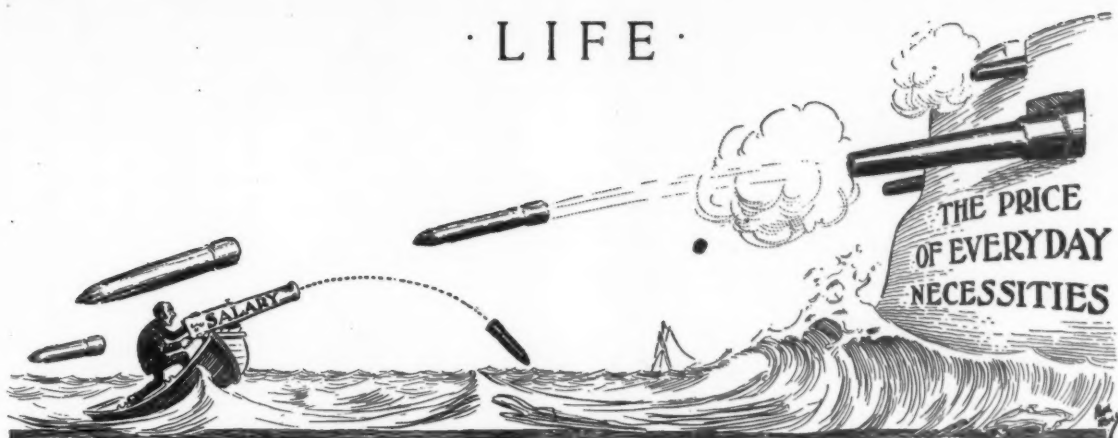
We did.

We are the horse-power that brings the national car along and keeps it moving when the going is bad and the guidance uncertain. Look at all Mr. Wilson's mistakes and delays—for good measure, take the late comprehensive Republican estimate of them—what is it that has overcome most of the ill-effects of them? What but the steady chug-chug of the engine which is us?

We are a good engine; let us give ourselves that praise. Bad driving may send us to the repair shop, but we are a good engine, and if Mr. Hughes has got in he will have the advantage of our excellent energies just as Mr. Wilson has had it. If Mr. Hughes makes mistakes we will still chug-chug up-grade and over the hill; if he gets off the road we will chug-chug back into it again. Presidents are all sorts; governments are all sorts. Our national specialty is inexperienced rulers. If they get us in wrong we are to blame, for we prefer them untrained. But we can stand some monkeying, for we are a good engine.



EXCUSE these inflated remarks, but certainly it is time to make them. Whoever is elected President, come, brethren, let us feel better! Have we not had humiliation enough for the time being? For three months the Republican spell-binders have been telling us, as freely and frequently as they dared, that we were a disgraced people, delinquent at home and despised abroad. It was mostly a lie, but it



A TRIFLE OUTRANGED

has been rubbed in to beat the truth. Now, either the chief factor in our alleged disgrace has had notice of dismissal, or he has had a vote of confidence and orders to go on. Either way, for the very land's sake, let us feel better and hold our heads a little higher. Whoever is elected, we have a great part to play in the world, and should make bold at once to play it, and give due backing and more to whomsoever is elected to lead us. If the Republicans are coming in, let us hold them to the task of repairing the injuries which they represent to have bruised the honor of the nation. If the Democrats stay in let us insist that they justify their calling, and their guidance of the incomparable mechanism which they are trusted to steer.

Praise be, the weary job of electing a President is done, and we are out of the doldrums and can make sail again and get somewhere. Who is chosen matters less than we think. What matters is the honor of the United States. Whoever has been chosen its guardian, let him look to his job.



THE feeblest-looking episode of the present administration has been Mexico. The Colonel showed good judgment when he picked it as the most vulnerable point to attack, and he shelled it good and plenty. If we are to have a change of government,

no outcome of it will be more interesting than the effort of a Hughes administration to better the Wilson performance down there. There is no visible means of doing it but to go in and take charge of the country, and to that there will be just about as much disinclination on the part of the Republican voters as there is among Democrats.

It is possible that President Wilson's public declarations that he would not interfere with the medication of Mexican troubles by revolution has been an encouragement to Mexican evil-doers, and that the coming in of an administration here with a professed purpose to do differently might have a moral effect down there that would make for abatement of mischief.

But probably it wouldn't. Bandits are not much subject to moral effect, and those in Mexico will probably continue their activities until they are cleaned up. If a Republican administration undertakes systematically to clean them up it will doubtless have all there is of Mexico on its back in short order, and no more than a divided backing for its efforts from its partisans at home. In this matter as in many others it would be a consolation and an entertainment to many Democrats to watch Mr. Hughes' efforts to rectify the mistakes he has charged against Mr. Wilson.

Nevertheless, the country is far more concerned for the country than it is for either political party, and if Mr. Hughes gets a chance at Mexico whatever his methods are it will want to see them succeed.



COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY has disclosed that the election is going for Hughes, but his confidence has a narrow margin, and most of us are in doubt. The contest is like the Yale-Harvard boat race of two years ago where the boats were virtually even, each forging ahead in turn as its nose felt the oars, and Yale won because the line came as her stroke ended.

As LIFE goes to press there is a fine run of campaign lies, which first help and then harm the side that offers them. The latest is the one offered—in good faith, no doubt—by Mr. Lodge, which is just a little too bad to operate.

One reads in the street cars Mr. Wilson's assertion:

America stands serene and confident, mighty and proud, example of peace and liberty in a world aflame.

Not so with the voters. They are neither serene, confident nor proud. They are anxious to get it over. It will be a vast compliment to Mr. Wilson's successes if election discovers that they outweigh his fizzles.

"You cannot repeal a surrender," says Mr. Hughes, and he ought to know. For he has tried to repeal his surrender to the Germans.

Good-bye, campaign!







Life Portraits from the Early Victorian Period



Even though the relative importance of the characters in Thackeray's famous "Pendennis" is shifted to justify the title and title rôle of the play "Major Pendennis," the process is excusable as it is done to give once more to Mr. John Drew a creative part. We have so long had Mr. Drew's personality exploited as a means to the importation of unimportant British drawing-room comedies that it is a pleasure to welcome him in the new task of transferring a long-loved character of literary fiction to material embodiment.

Doubtless there are as many mental photographs of *Major Pendennis* as there are readers of the novel, so that it is out of the question for the stage artist exactly to realize them all. Mr. Drew's impersonation has the merit that its general excellence will disarm and please those who might be tempted to cavil at details. Even at the first performance in New York, with first-night nervousness interfering with the dominating quality of the character, there was no doubt that Mr. Drew's conception was well based on the author's. And there was also no doubt that in this delightful interpretation Mr. Drew displayed his artistic abilities in a medium that gave them greater scope than the material on which he has been wasting them.

The hero of the novel is, of course, *Arthur Pendennis*, and although in the play this rôle is subordinated to the title part, Mr. Brandon Tynan gave us a realization of the youthful hero that will fully meet the expectations of every lover of Thackeray. In a play of characters such as this is, the fidelity of the artists to the originals is the most important consideration, and in few book-made plays has this faithfulness been so closely maintained as by the cast of "Major Pendennis." *Costigan*, the *Fotheringay*, *Blanche Amory*, the festive *Foker*, *Lady Clavering*, *Laura* and the others are there before our eyes, in the flesh, and it is our regret that the paucity of space precludes a recognition in more detail of very excellent work by everyone concerned.

It is no disparagement of Mr. Langdon Mitchell's ability as a dramatist to state that, as a play, "Major Pendennis" is not a masterly construction. His task was to make possible the personification of characters and create an atmosphere. With the aid of good costuming and of

Mr. Iden Payne, as stage director, he has succeeded so admirably that one is forced to forgive the shadowy plot and some technical awkwardness of handling.

Persons who have read "Pendennis" should see this play. And many persons in the newer generation who have been too much occupied with less wholesome things *should* read the book and then see the play.



"GO TO IT," at the Princess, is lacking in the quality that it would take a good many words accurately to define, but which is concisely summed up in the very contemporary slang term "pep," an abbreviation, we take it, for the word pepper. There is no lack of singing and dancing by a small, well chosen company and chorus, and an old farce-comedy of the late Charles Hoyt has been resurrected for a plot, but there is a monotony about the method of introducing the good material which differentiates "Go to It" from the similar diverting entertainments at the Princess. An expert play-doctor might easily suggest a remedy for what seems a case of anemia.

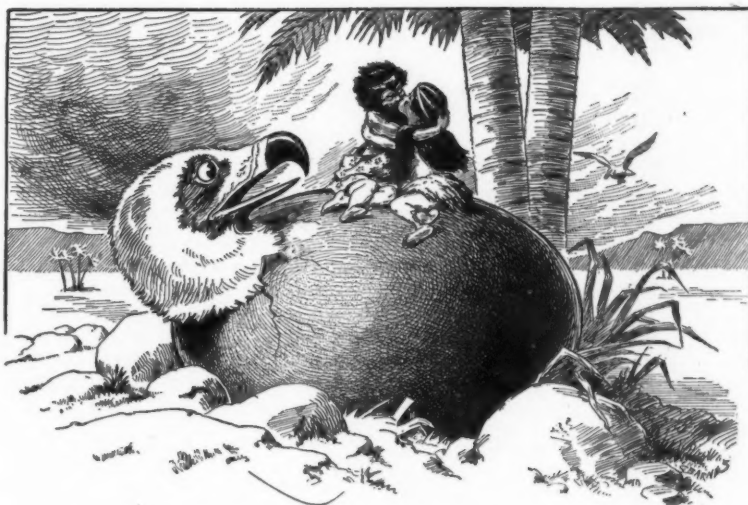


ONCE more the t. b. m. comes into his own. Which is another way of saying that there is a new piece at the Winter Garden. This time it is called "Show of Wonders." Has it a regiment of composers, librettists, lyricists and arrangers? It has. And has it tinkly, rag-time music? It has—in abundance. Has it chorus girls? It has—flocks of them, and some pretty, some shapely, some both. Is it elaborately and brilliantly staged? It is. Is it calculated to delight the heart of the t. b. m.? It surely is.

This "Show of Wonders" varies from its numerous predecessors of the same kind at the Winter Garden in the emphasis laid on the ballets in the school-of inspiration supplied



THOSE STAGE NAMES
MISS ANGELICA DARLING IN HER HOME



Young Roc: HEY, THERE! WILL YOU PLEASE GET OFF? IT'S TIME FOR ME TO COME OUT.

by the recent importations from Russia, in a greater variety of comedians and in an entire absence of objectionable lines and business.

Is the t. b. m. downhearted? No—there is a new show at the Garden.



"OBJECT—MATRIMONY" is of Jewish authorship; it portrays Jewish life and Jewish character after the manner of the "Potash and Perlmutter" stories, and it is acted by an almost entirely Jewish cast. And yet it is said to have given offence to a large section of the Jewish public, always patrons of the theatre and largely responsible for the success of the plays derived from the stories written by Mr. Montague Glass.

The present observer found "Object—Matrimony" quite as laughable, although in a more roughly sketched way, as its predecessors in the same school. Considering its origin and its interpretation, there was no more reason to doubt its fidelity to life. The excellent Jewish matron, admirably portrayed by Mme. Cottrelly; the retired merchant of Mr. Jess Dandy, long an able depicter of Jewish character; the dreamy young Jew forced into uncongenial business, made real by Mr. Irving Cummings, and *Lesengelt*, the close-fisted and over-shrewd father of an undesirable daughter, all of these characters were apparently drawn from life, well depicted and placed in laugh-inspiring situations. The real villain was a young girl made attractive in her personality and vivaciously played by Marjorie Wood, one of the few mem-

bers of the cast not of the Jewish race.

Why, then, the objection of some Jewish theatregoers to the present play when they flocked to the similar ones drawn from the same source? It has been hinted that the real reason is that no heroic or highly virtuous traits are bestowed on any of the characters. This oversight on the part of the author has been glossed over in other plays where Jewish hyper-sensitiveness did not have to be feared.

"Object—Matrimony" is very well presented, and persons without prejudice who enjoyed the "Potash and Perlmutter" plays will find it almost, if not quite, as funny in a slightly different way. But the daily newspapers who live on Jewish advertising will find in some cases that "Object—Matrimony" has put them in wrong with their best customers.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"His Majesty, Bunker Bean," from the story by Mr. H. L. Wilson. Moderately amusing eccentric drama with Mr. Taylor Holmes not entirely visualizing the comedy hero.

Belasco.—"Seven Chances," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Farcical comedy, very diverting, and well staged by Mr. Belasco.

Booth.—Mr. William Faversham in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married." Notice later.

Casino.—"Flora Bella," with Lina Ababanell. Melodious comic operetta, well staged and pleasantly performed.

Century.—"The Century Girl." **Cohan and Harris's.**—"Object—Matrimony." See above.

Comedy.—"The Washington Square Players." Last week of present bill of four playlets of different types. Original and interestingly done in original fashion.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Well presented but not en-

tirely wholesome farcical comedy of life as it may perhaps possibly be lived in some circle of society on Long Island.

Matinee performances of "The Yellow Jacket."

Criterion.—Mr. John Drew in the title rôle of "Major Pendennis." See above.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters," by Mr. Max Marcin. Unusual crime play, well done and having surprises and a lot of humor.

Empire.—Mr. Cyril Maude in "The Basker," by Mr. Clifford Mills. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Flame," by Mr. R. W. Tully. Spectacular melodrama with the scenes laid somewhere in the neighborhood of the Caribbean Sea. Pretentious, but incredible.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Rich Man, Poor Man," by Mr. George Broadhurst, from a story by Mr. Maximilian Foster. Fairly amusing contrast of life in a boarding-house and in the remarkable home of a millionaire, strung on an incredible story.

Fulton.—"Arms and the Girl," by Messrs. Grant Stewart and Robert Baker. Humorous happenings with the early days of the occupation of Belgium by the Germans as a background. Diverting and well done.

Globe.—"Betty," with Mr. Raymond Hitchcock as the star. Imported musical play of the Gaiety type, pleasantly done and with a lot of fun.

Harris.—"Under Sentence," by Messrs. R. C. Megrue and Irvin Cobb. Drama of considerable interest, well played and presenting a not entirely convincing argument in favor of the Osborne methods at Sing Sing prison.

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." Wholesale and brilliant exhibit of vaudeville, ballet, spectacle and ice carnival.

Hudson.—"Pollyanna." Delightfully acted play with a girl heroine who demonstrates that life runs more easily when optimism is the guiding sentiment.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. David Warfield in revival of "The Music Master." A delightful combination of pathos and humor in the way of a play and Mr. Warfield's artistic impersonation of the German musician.

Liberty.—"Intolerance." Everything the movies can do. Spectacular, but not dramatic.

Little.—"L'Enfant Prodiges," re-christened "Pierrot the Prodigal." French pantomime agreeably done, charming in itself and with delightfully descriptive musical accompaniment.

Longacre.—Mr. William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth," by Mr. James Montgomery. Laughable farcical comedy with the star in the capacity of a man who is not permitted to tell a lie.

Lyceum.—"Backfire." A not notable drama of the persecution of the poor by the rich, with contributory negligence as the main weapon of oppression.

Lyric.—"A Daughter of the Gods." Moving-picture drama with Annette Kellermann as the star. Delightful Jamaican scenes picturesquely reproduced with the customary movie methods on a big scale supplying alleged drama.

Marine Elliott's.—"Fixing Sister," with Mr. William Hodge. The comedian in a not very interesting rôle as the hero of a not particularly brilliant, self-made play.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back," by Mr. J. E. Goodman. Unusually red-blooded play with a really interesting plot. Well staged.

Princess.—"Go to It." See above.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." Stevenson's celebrated story of adventure staged in interesting fashion and well played.

Republic.—"Good Gracious, Annabelle." Notice later.

Shubert.—"So Long, Letty." The cleverness and curious personality of Charlotte Greenwood put to the front in an amusing musical play.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Emma Dunn in "Old Lady 31," by Rachel Crothers. Notice later.

Winter Garden.—"The Show of Wonders." See above.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—Midnight vaudeville and cabaret providing a diverting alibi for persons who are afraid to go home before daylight.

463 Babies

THERE has been a reorganization in France of the different agencies which distribute American contributions to the children orphaned by the war. All of the money now passes through the hands of the society called The Fatherless Children of France, and its offices are in one of the government buildings at 110 rue de Grenelle. The Orphelinat des Armées is only one of the fifty-two societies through which the parent society works. As heretofore, the contributions of LIFE's readers go directly to Paris and through The Fatherless Children of France to the mothers of the orphans, without regard to race, religion or politics. The only conditions are that the child needs the assistance and that its father was a victim of the war.

In reply to numerous inquiries as to how comforts may be sent to the children, we have secured the following directions: Make two lists of the contents of the package. One should be enclosed in the package, and the other mailed, at the time the package is sent, together with the name and address of the person for whom the package is intended, to the offices of The War Relief Clearing House, 40 Wall Street, New York City.

The package itself should bear the name and address of the child, marked care of "The Fatherless Children of France." The package should then be sent to the warerooms of "The War Relief Clearing House," 133 Charlton Street, New York City. They will forward the package without charge, but be sure to pay all charges for delivery to the Clearing House.

We have received to date \$33,765.90, from which we have remitted to France 170,349.49 francs.

We acknowledge in behalf of the fund from

Mrs. Frederick F. Ducharme, Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 450... \$73
George A. Crocker, Jr., New York City, for Baby No. 451... 73
Lockhart and Peggy Cortright, St. Martins, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 452... 73
Helen Elizabeth Jenkins, New Haven, Conn., for Baby No. 453... 73
Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Corbin, New Britain, Conn., for Baby No. 454... 73
Florence B. Presley, San Francisco,



ANDRE COLIN, BABY NO. 27, HIS FATHER AND HIS WIDOWED MOTHER

Cal., for Baby No. 455..... 73
Proceeds of a bazaar organized by Claire May and Mabel Richards, with the aid of their friends at Green Farms and Southport, Conn., for Babies Nos. 456, 457, 458 and 459..... 292
A Friend, Davenport, Iowa, for Baby No. 460..... 73
H. E. K., Providence, R. I., for Baby No. 461..... 73
Ursula Ingalls, New York City, for Baby No. 462..... 73
Carolyn Wicker, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 463..... 73

FOR BABY NUMBER 441

Already acknowledged \$40.05
C. E. Bevan Newtonville, Mass..... 5
D. B. D., Likely, Cal..... 5
Box 276, Toronto, Canada..... 5
A. C. C., Seattle, Washington..... 3
\$58.05

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by "The Fatherless Children of France," an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The Society has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management. Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum.

As fast as LIFE receives from the Society the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other in-

formation, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child. The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the Society with no deduction whatever for expenses.

Ideas

DID you ever have an idea? Are you addicted to them? Then be good to the little vagrants, because they are beyond price, unless you intend to be a political office holder.

You can live without ideas. Thousands of persons are doing so all around you. You can, in fact, be a success in three of the learned professions—theology, medicine and the law—without ever having had a single idea.

If you are a woman the case is even simpler. Until just the other day, people were shocked when it was apparent that some woman had an idea. Today women who have ideas are not burned at the stake. Without them a woman may achieve the topmost rung of the social ladder. In fact, ideas usually impede the climber.

Plays have failed for want of an idea, but, on the other hand, people have stood in line for hours for the chance to buy tickets for a play without ideas. Often a book without ideas has an enormous sale.

Why, then, are ideas valuable? Well, for one thing, unlike diamonds and gold, one must possess them before he can understand their worth.



THINGS THAT NEVER WERE

Mrs. Croesus: HEAVENS! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?

"I WAS ADVISING THE POPULACE, AND HAD JUST GOT AS FAR AS 'ECONOMY IS THE SECRET OF WEALTH.'"



IF SHE HAD KEPT HER WORD TO ALL OF THEM

Postage Stamps

A POSTAGE stamp is a brilliantly colored steel engraving of some person or scene prominent in the history of the nation issuing the stamp, and has been a great boon to stamp collectors, otherwise known as philatelists. The nearest things to philatelists before postage stamps were invented were Philadelphians. The postage stamp is coated with a fine quality of fragrant mucilage on the reverse or rear side, and when the stamp is placed in the vest pocket the mucilage enables it to stick to the pocket with more enthusiasm and pertinacity than would be thought possible by one who had never witnessed a meeting between a postage stamp and a vest pocket. A two-cent postage stamp will carry a letter three thousand miles in five days. This almost equals the record of some husbands, who can carry a letter two or three years for nothing. Many women cannot understand why, if a letter can be carried from Boston to San Francisco by affixing a two-cent stamp, a letter cannot be carried from Boston to Portland, Maine, for one cent, or even six mills. Postage stamps, however, were not invented to satisfy woman's curiosity, but to alleviate the keen desire of the philatelists to start philatelling.

K. L. R.

If the Great Were Grateful

KINGS would give daily thanks that they do not have to earn their salaries.

And philosophers that the world does not yet see through them.

And editors that their predictions are so soon forgotten.

And statesmen that their constituencies are too busy.

"JUST as the minister was about to kiss the bride, someone turned on the fire alarm."
"Some friend of the minister, I presume."



AFTER FORTY YEARS

Old Twenty-dollar-a-week Clerk: YOU OUGHT TO READ THESE WONDERFUL ARTICLES IN THE SUNDAY PAPER—THEY TELL YOU HOW TO SUCCEED BY STICKING TO YOUR JOB AND BEING FAITHFUL TO YOUR EMPLOYER.

The Great Inefficiency Test

(At tremendous expense, LIFE's own staff of inefficiency experts have prepared this chart by which anyone can determine his inefficiency, with surprising results. Put down your percentages, add up the total, divide by ten, and learn just how inefficient you are. Then go and have a good laugh at our expense.)

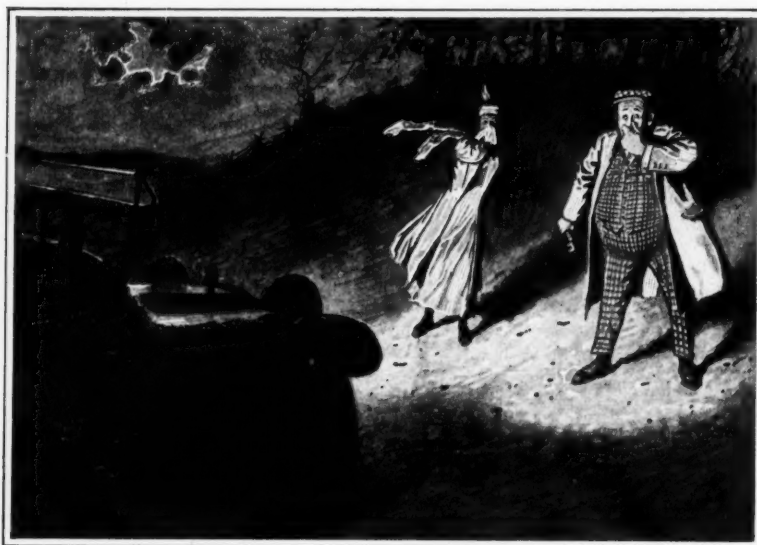
Questions

1. Do you ever take time off (in working hours) cussing the boss because he hasn't raised your salary?
2. Do you ever argue with your wife?
3. Do you breathe regularly, day and night? (Neglect to do this is often fatal.)
4. Do you visit the club more than one night a week?
5. Do you ever buy the boss a highball?
6. Do you forget the smoking-car stories you would fain remember?
7. Do you enjoy spending money?
8. Do you ever say "I could preach a better sermon than that"?
9. Do you ever say "Only four paydays this month"?
10. Do you take care to walk between your wife and the shop windows?

Answers (in per cents)



"OH! JUST LISTEN, JOHN. HERE'S AN AWFULLY GOOD PUZZLE."



"HENRY, IF YOU HADN'T RUN OVER THAT WOOD PUSSY YOU COULD HAVE FIXED IT IN A MINUTE"

A Is for Author

ALL adolescent authors aim
At aggrandizement and acclaim,
At acquisition, adulation,
Awards and ardent admiration;

Are apt at amorous affairs,
At aping abler artists' airs,
At argument aloof, apart,
At apotheosizing Art;

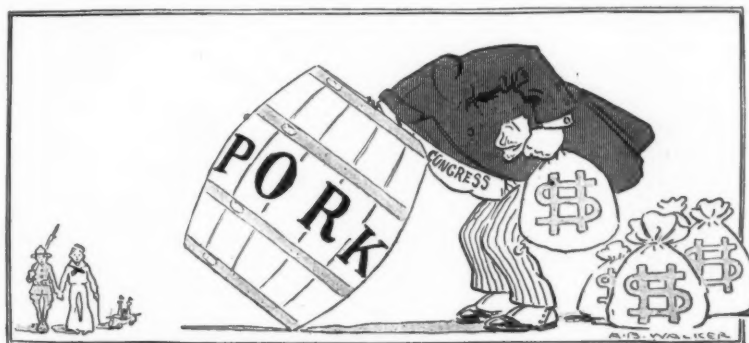
And almost all, alas! attain
An aptness at (and all arraign
As artificial animation)
An asinine alliteration.

W. E. Nesom.

THERE are any number of reasons why people should, or should not, vote for Hughes; but there is only one reason why they should or should not vote for Wilson, and that is—Wilson.



Wife: THE WAITRESS IS LEAVING. SHALL I TELL HER TO GO BEFORE OR AFTER DINNER?
Husband: BEFORE. LET'S HAVE OUR FOOD WITHIN REACH FOR ONE MEAL, ANYWAY.



THE AMERICAN OSTRICH

Advice to Infants

GREAT care should be taken in the selection of a mother. At present, however, little or no thought seems to be given to this grave problem by the majority of infants.

When one reflects upon the importance of choosing a satisfactory mother it is hard to understand the lack of judgment shown by many infants in this matter.

A word to the wise infant should suffice.

Unpublished Extracts from the Diary of a Mayflower Passenger

DEC. 20, 1620. After a deal of dissension as to where wee sholde lande on thys desolate coaste, wee dropped anchor at duske offe a stony cove, intending to debarque on the morrow. To beguile oure laste nyghte at sea, Elder Brewster preached a sermon inne the saloone, but it was somethynge marred by the anticks of the baser sort who hadde broached a kegge of medicinal spirits in the chirurgion's pantry and kept uttering dolefulle cryes of *Land hoe!* and *Skoale!* It was but a dismalle nyghte: the seas ran mountaine hyghe, and after theire carowse the boisterous were heartilye sick. Methoughte I saw savages alonge the coaste: I determined not to be amongste those fyrste to stepp ashoar.

Dec. 21, 1620. A cleare daye, but pitylesse colde. Wee gotte ashoar as beste wee coulede, not without a ducking or two. I fell inne the surfe, and was seized by the legge by a large crabbe, painefullye. By fortune I hadde a flasque of rumme in my jerkin, and a stiffe dram served to drive away the rheum. The motion pycture menn were the fyrste to goe ashoar, and pacified the savages by taking fyllums of them. Hardlye were wee alle safe on lande before Elder Brewster beganne a sermon of thankes, for which I tarried not, but did hasten to kindle a fire as my teethe were achatter. Methinks he dothe overdoe the sermonizing. Wee spent a sorry nyghte in tentes amonge the bushes, much affrighted by rumour of attacke on the parte of the savages.

Dec. 22, 1620. Todaye wee were visited bye the Indian chiefe who arrived in a primitive vehickle he called a jittney. Hee offered to sell us lande for a caske of spirit, and Captaine Standish did outdoe him in a drinking bout, whereupon the Captaine must be holpen to bedde. Oure leaders are, I fear, hard drinking and godlesse men, and I have lively apprehensions for the future. Master Bradford smote Elder Brewster on the noas with a snowballe while the latter was preaching a sermon, and the uproar was myghty.

Dec. 23, 1620. Even the women seeme infeckted by the undisciplined spirit of the community. Alreadye they have formed what they are pleased toe calle a clubbe, and todaye they were discussing the lewd poems of Master Shakespeare when they shoulde have beene busye at the stockade. Master Carver, whom wee have chosen Governour, seemeth to thinke the expedition a kinde of farcical picnick, and I am heartilye sorry ever I tooke passage for this mean and ungracious countrye.

Christopher Morley.

No Trouble at All

"I DON'T see how you got that boy to take the castor oil."

"Easy enough. I told him to try some first and see how he liked it, and if he didn't like it he needn't take it."



BOYS ALWAYS HAVE INSISTED UPON BEING BOYS

Debts

DEBTS were invented to make poets sing and to make artists paint. They are the fulcrum on which the levers of progress rest. If it were not for debts we probably would not have had the glorious paintings of Hakusai, the novels of Balzac and Scott, the short stories of Poe, or the music of Wagner.

Everyone except the miser works to pay off debts; if not his own, then the national debt or some obligation contracted somewhere, sometime, somehow by somebody now dead.

Debts are the real *Deus ex Machina* of this world, and the human race is forever working for dead horse.

Benjamin De Casseres.

the soup of the epicure



*"I expect every dollar
to do its duty!"*

It was a purchaser of Franco-American Soups who said this. Experience had taught her that the exclusive quality of these soups gives them also an exclusive value and economy for regular every-day use in the home.

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Try this famous Consommé. Your grocer will have it.

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Merely heat before serving

At the better stores



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Ox Tail, thick
Clear Ox Tail
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Bouillon

Julienne
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Chicken Gumbo
Clear Green Turtle (60c)

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Chicken
Beef
Pea
Mulligatawny
Green Turtle, thick (45c)

*Franco-American Broths for Invalids and Children
Beef—Chicken—Mutton—15c the can*

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.



Unanswerable Argument

"I tell you," said Pat, "the ould fri'nds are the best, after all, and, what's more, I can prove it."

"How are you goin' to prove it?"

"Where will you find a new fri'nd that has shud by ye as long as the ould ones have?"—*Answers.*

A COLORED auntie was taking her first ride on a fast train when it jumped the track and plunged headlong into the ditch. After the crash "auntie" picked herself up and began munching a chicken wing she had brought along for sustenance. The conductor hurried up to ascertain the damage.

"Were you hurt in the smashup?" he asked, excitedly.

"Law, no!" she replied in astonishment. "Wuz there a smashup? I to't dese yere combustifications went right along wif de ticket."—*Argonaut.*



She: PRAY, SIR, DON'T EXPLAIN—I'M THE LADY IN THE FASHION MAGAZINES AND YOU'RE THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

"Who is this Gargantua just coming in?"

"That's Fatleigh, who is always bragging about being a self-made man."

"Gee whiz! He looks more like he was built by a construction company."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Jeems Henry Was Conjured!

"Mars John," excitedly exclaimed Aunt Tildy, as she pantingly rushed into a fire-engine house, "please, suh, phonograph to de car-cleaners' semporium an' notify Dan'l to emergrate home diurgently, kaze Jeems Henry sho' done bin conjured! Doctor Cutter done already distracted two blood-vultures from his 'pendercitis, an' I lef' him now prezaminatin' de chile's ante-bellum fur de germans ob de neuro-plumonia, which ef he's disinfectid wid, dey gotter 'nuculate him wid the ice-coldlated quarantimes—but I b'lieves it's conjuration!"

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

"Isn't you-all's paw afraid de neighbors' chickens will git into your garden?"

"No," replied Miss Miami Brown. "Dat's what paw broke up de ground an' scattered de seeds around foh."

—*Washington Star.*

OBSERVER: I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the street car the other day.

OBSERVED: Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

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DEARIE ME!
DO TELL!



MY COMFORT!
GOOD GRACIOUS!
LAND'S SAKE!



THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT

The Ensign and the Sage

"YOU'RE a landsman, Josephus," the Ensign said,

"And you don't know a butt from a bight;

And yet you're appointed the navy's head—

Do you think, with your training, it's right?"

"In my youth," said Josephus, "I worked on a farm,

A-making of bayberry dips;
And the consequent training of eye and of arm

Peculiarly fits me for ships."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your mind is too weak

For anything tougher than Tupper;
Yet you ordered our private stock dumped in the creek,

And you make us drink grape juice for supper."

"My son," said Josephus, "I worked in a store

Selling hardware and whiskbrooms and ink;

I kept the accounts and I swept up the floor,

So I know what a sailor should drink."

"You are old," said the youth. "One would hardly suppose

That your thoughts and intentions were vicious;

Yet there isn't a crack where you've not had your nose—

What made you so awfully officious?"

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At a time when labor conditions are at their worst, The Hollenden is not embarrassed by many changes. Its employees have served it for years, have a knowledge of its standard, and the ability to think and act correctly. They are mostly married men who have their own homes in Cleveland.

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Twin beds, \$4.00, 5.00 and 6.00.

Suites at various prices.

The Hollenden
Cleveland

The Red Room at The Hollenden, adjoining the Crystal Dining Room, Ladies' Reception Room and Main Lobby.

"I have answered three questions, and that must suffice,"

Said the sage. "I must now go and dine;

I may add that your manners are not very nice—

Get out or I'll make you resign!"

F. Gregory Hartswick.

"So that pretty canvasser sold you a book, eh?"

"No, she sold me a couple of smiles and threw the book in."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.



MUSICAL PHRASE
THE "SUB" DOMINANT

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



THE teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America. "And now, boys," she announced, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"Well, Tommy?"

"The porcupine."—*Tit-Bits*.

Enterprising

In Bloomfield, New Jersey, there is a motion picture theatre which recently changed owners, and the new manager's enterprise was set forth in this advertisement: "McIntire's Orchestra will play the latest song hits from 'Rigoletto,' 'Lucia,' 'Tannhäuser,' 'Chin Chin' and 'Kick In'."—*Argonaut*.

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In time some obscure American will gain world-wide notoriety by publicly confessing that he does not know how to make peace in Europe.—*New York World*.

"WHEN ye're whipped," said Mr. Dolan, "ye ought to say ye've had enough."

"If I've the stringth left to say I've had enough," replied Mr. Rafferty, "I'm not whipped yet."—*Washington Star*.

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Better Than He Knew

BILL: Jones, the Welshman, he's eloped with ma wife.

JACK: Wey, Aa thowt he wes your very best pal.

BILL: Ave and so he is, but he dissent knaa yit!

—*Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle*.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

MRS. JONES: Fred, dear, mamma says she has made up her mind to be cremated.

JONES (absent-mindedly): All right Tell her to put on her things and I'll take her along.—*London Opinion*.

WHEN Joseph left his overcoat in Mrs. Potiphar's hands his principal regret was that in the pocket was the latest copy of LIFE, which he had prudently ordered in advance from his newsdealer, but had not yet had time to read. This definitely fixes the day of that event as Tuesday.

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ASK YOUR DEALER



THE LATEST BOOKS

ON the Palisades opposite Ninety-sixth street there is a little German inn snuggled up against the huge greenhouse of a movie studio. At the present moment it is playing field-kitchen to a war drama. And between scene-takings exciting discussions take place there (over platters of *Koenigsbergerklops mit Caperen Sauce*) between the tousle-haired stage director, various Greek-featured heroes clad in khaki, and young ladies whose faces fairly beg for the honor of a close-up. I lunched there the other day, just after reading an interview with a prominent author as to what was the matter with the American novel. And I came away feeling as though I had witnessed a filmed answer to the question—a movie in which a producing author was conferring with his selected characters, not as to their real relation to the drama of life, but as to their calculated effect on the susceptibilities of the audience.

C. HILTON-TURVEY'S "The Van Haavens" (Small, Maynard, \$1.35)—a story of present-day America and its author's first novel—is a plain example of this influence at work. The book contains considerable evidence of the author's interest in the drama of our contemporary life and of his desire and developing ability to express his observations of it constructively and creatively. But he is manifestly hag-ridden by the supposed requirements of his prospective audience; and he has, therefore, invented for their benefit a *Fireside Companion* plot of misguided snobs and incognito aristocrats, and has more or less forcibly adapted his occasionally well-drawn characters and his often freshly observed material to its arbitrary requirements. There is, perhaps, the making of a novelist in him—or of a movie writer. But "The Van Haavens" is a mixture of the two in which the ingredients haven't coalesced.

COSMO HAMILTON'S "The Sins of the Children" (Little, Brown, \$1.40) is a far more sophisticated performance, yet it belongs in the same category. It is the story of a wealthy American scientist's children, who, for want of parental

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guidance in the matter of sex, fall variously victims to the machinations of a titled English villain. It presents a feverishly one-sided world in vivid colors; deals effectively in disingenuous psychology; and is consistently careful not to call a spade a spade while all the time digging up the very roots of suggestiveness. In short, its understanding of the public's responsiveness to excitement is practical, not theoretic—based on an almost osteopathic knowledge of the thrill centers of its emotional spine—and is employed, not half-heartedly and without conviction, but with calculated intent and an almost contemptuous assurance.

"WINDY McPHERSON'S SON"

(John Lane, \$1.40), another first novel by a new American author, Sherwood Anderson, is, on the other hand, a genuine attempt to deal at first hand and for its own sake with life. It gives the history of an Iowa lad whose father was a braggart, drunkard and ne'er-do-well; and who, after fiercely fighting his own way to wealth and power, found himself—like a caterpillar at the end of its twig—reaching into the unknown for some

(Continued on page 825)



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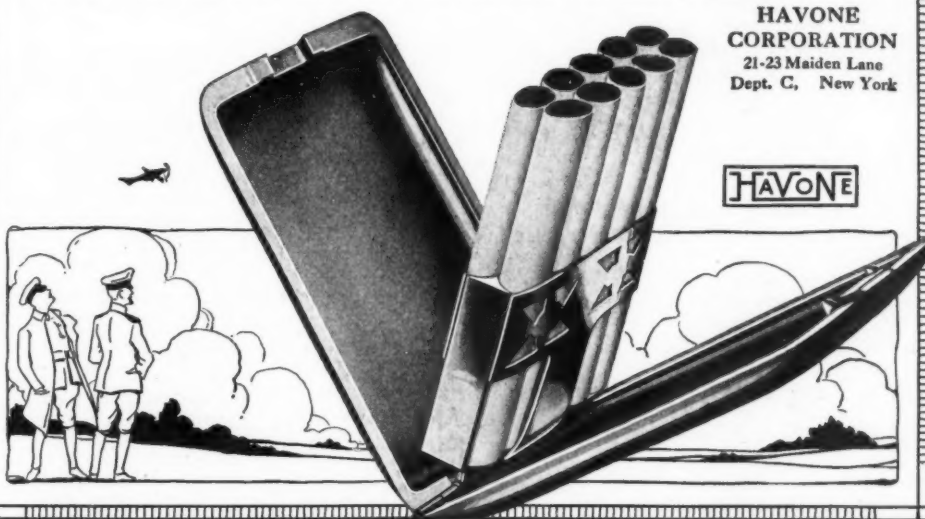
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(Continued from page 823)

new foothold for his energies and some ultimate sanction for his self-esteem. What he finds is a makeshift; and the universality of this ending of the great search is imperfectly driven home. But so rich a canvas, so multitudinous a background, so living a presentation of the life about us, promise tremendously for the possibilities of the author's later work.

HERE is a new note in war books. It is called "With the Turks in Palestine" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.25) and presents, without any trace of literary taint, professional or amateur, a narrative of personal experience so surcharged with tragic meaning and so free from any intent to make capital of the tale, that it takes on a combination of dignity and "punch" not similarly discoverable elsewhere in the annals of the present war. The author, Alexander Aaronsohn, is a native of Palestine whose chance presence at his father's home at the outbreak of the war caused his enrollment in the Turkish army and led to his participation in the events recorded.

J. B. Kerfoot.

"Do you believe that awful story they're telling, Pierce?"

"Yes, what is it?"—Everybody's.



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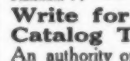
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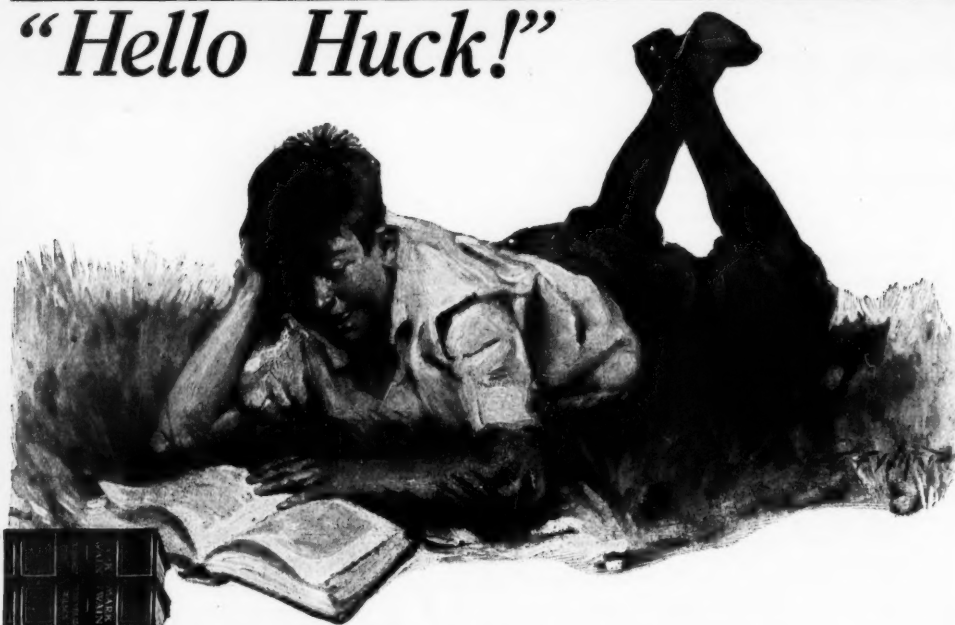
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that those who did not know him well were amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

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His fame spread through the nation. It flew to the ends of the earth, until his work was translated into strange tongues. From then on, the path of fame lay straight to the high places. At the height of his fame he lost all his money. He was heavily in debt, but though 60 years old, he started afresh and paid every cent. It was the last heroic touch that drew him close to the hearts of his countrymen.

The world has asked is there an American literature? Mark Twain is the answer. He is the heart, the spirit of America. From his poor and struggling boyhood to his glorious, splendid old age, he remained as simple, as democratic as the plainest of our forefathers.

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Pains of Neutrality

EVERY day or two some point of neutrality comes up between these States and England which their respective statesmen discuss calmly enough and with proper deliberation so that nothing awkward happens. But in almost every case there is more or less yelling from the persons and newspapers in the crowd, both here and in Great Britain. Of course that comes to nothing, but it agitates some people. So far as one can judge, about half, or perhaps two-thirds, of the British population now regard our Uncle Sam as pro-German at heart but afraid to admit it and anxious for only one thing in the war—to make the last possible dollar out of it.

But that ought not to distress any really thoughtful American citizen, however he may regret it. The average patriot in Colonel Bull's country has very hazy ideas at this time about neutrality. His feeling is that just as the receiver is worse than the thief, the neutral is worse than the hostile. His notion of a good neutral is somebody who will take his coat off and help.

Now, a neutral may help prodigiously, but the very essence of neutrality is to keep one's coat on; also one's shirt. The British statesmen understand that quite well, but not the British people.

So for whatever is said about us we must make due allowances. Our British friends are up against a huge task and are suffering a great deal and are entitled to their emotions, even when they are misdirected. But the rule for them is not the rule for us. All England's approval of our course in this great mix-up would give no assurance that it was right; all England's disapproval would not prove us wrong. We have to shape our course according to our own national conscience and the rules of the game we have undertaken to play. E. S. M.



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"GOOD morning, Captain Dishwater," said Admiral Milkstop of the North Atlantic Squadron, tripping gaily to the bridge of the U.S.S. Orangeade and curtsying gracefully, as required by the naval regulations; "is everything ready for the fight?"

"Yes, Admiral," replied Captain Dishwater, placing his binoculars in a knitted cover, dropping them into a velvet case which was attached to his milk-white wrist, and kissing his hand deferentially to his superior officer.

"Have the fighting tops been decorated with pink satin ribbons and figured sachet bags?" asked the brave old Admiral, as he removed a piece of chewing gum from a spoke of the steering wheel and placed it brusquely in his mouth.

"Yes, Admiral," smiled the Captain, adjusting the blue baby ribbon with which his epaulettes were decorated.

"And has each seaman received his allotment of two soda mints for use in case the ship begins to roll?" asked the Admiral, powdering his nose reflectively.

"Yes, Admiral: nothing has been forgotten," replied the Captain. "The chif-fon bows have been attached to the muzzles of the twelve-inch guns, the powder-hoists have been filled with American Beauty roses, the sentries have been provided with light green sunshades, the officer of the day has placed smelling salts in all the ventilator funnels, and extra rations of cambric tea and marshmallows have been distributed."

"Very good, Captain," growled the old sea dog, drawing a hand-mirror from his sleeve for the purpose of adjusting the seagull's feather in his admiral's chapeau, "very good! Send word to the Admiral of the British fleet that the United States navy stands ready to meet the British navy in a Going-to-Jerusalem contest at any time or place that he may see fit, and that we will furnish the chairs and the music!"

An unusual solemnity seemed to pervade the great floating fort as Captain Dishwater kissed his hand to the Admiral and one-stepped lightly to the flight of stairs leading from the bridge to the ship's front piazza. A moment later the infinitely mournful strains of Tschai-kowsky's Serenade rang out from the ship's pianoforte, summoning all hands to their stations; and the stern, set faces of the men of the North Atlantic Squadron showed plainly that they well knew that they were about to assist in writing another brilliant chapter into the pages of American history.

THE Bastille had just fallen. All of the freed prisoners rushed out with shouts of joy—except one. He remained in cell, happily reading the copy of LIFE which he had prudently ordered from the prison newsdealer in advance of the rush for copies.



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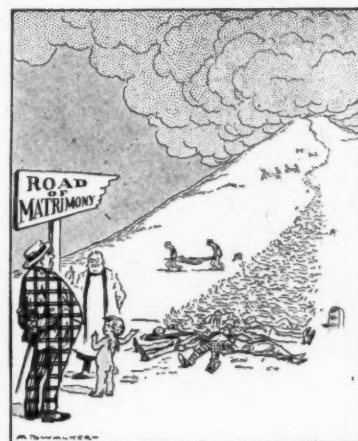
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Songs of the States

The Missouri Marine

WHENAS I walked the rural scene
Arrayed in fine apparel,
I chanced upon a Horse Marine
Astride a sugar barrel.

I bowed, I smiled, and down I sat
A moment for to rest me;
I praised the lovely day,—whereat
The Horse Marine addressed me.

"I've been," said he, "a lengthy cruise
Of circumnavigation,
And wouldn't mind a bit o' news
About this gol-durn' Nation."

"Ask on," quoth I, "O seaman stout,
From off the ocean wavy."
"First off," said he, "I'll hear about
Josephus of the Navy."

"His fame," said I, "in verse and
prose
Is chanted every hour.
He's made our fleets more strong than
those
Of any other Power.

"Yet, though the captains weep and
wail
And all the crews are pining,
That noble, self-effacing male
Insists upon resigning."

That Horse Marine remarked, "Oho!"
And looked extremely knowing.
"And what," he asked, "of Mexico,
And how's that fuss a-going?"

(Continued on page 829)

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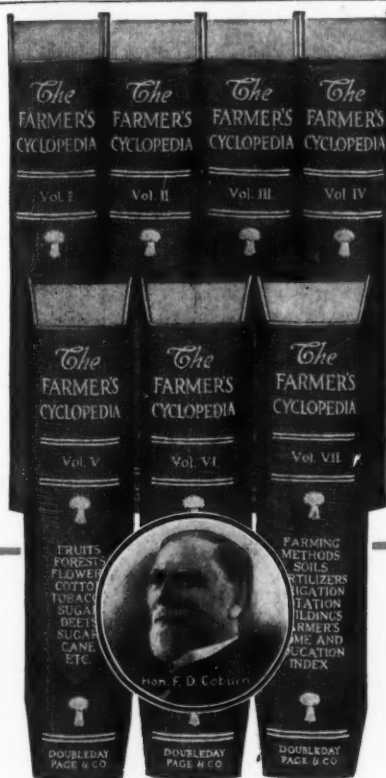


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Songs of the States

(Continued from page 828)

Said I, "Another wreath adorns
Our wise Administration;
The Cactus Plant has shed its thorns—
And all through Mediation!"

"The Peons chant, in joyous bands,
Our anthem, every stanza,
While Pershing joins the loving hands
Of Villa and Carranza."

That Horse Marine he cocked his
brow,
His features queerly screwing:
"That's fine!" quoth he, "and tell me
how
Is Trade and Business doing?"

Said I, "The Sails of Commerce swell
With most propitious breezes.
I hardly dare to say how well
The Present Outlook pleases.

"Whoever shakes his head or groans
Is blind or demagogic,
For any woe that Business owns
Is Purely Psychologic."

That Horse Marine his mirth ex-
pressed
In cataclysmic chuckles
That sent five buttons galley-west
And fractured several buckles.

And I, uprising then and there,
Exclaimed, "You don't believe me
Despite the uniform you wear?—
How dare you thus deceive me!

"You're no Marine at all!" I cried
In patriotic fury.
"I am, I am!" the Tar replied,
"From U. S. S. Missouri!"

Arthur Guiterman.

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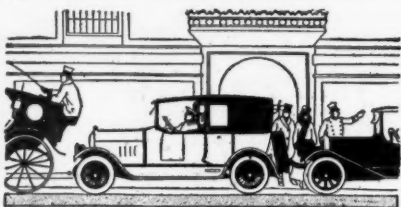
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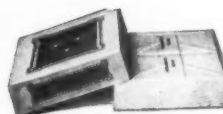
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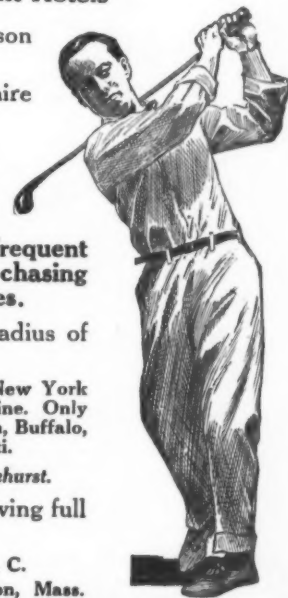
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